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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Part II. The Good Eleventh Hour.

(By CHARLES WAGNER.)

Now let us speak of the eleventh hour that is, well expected. There are some of all kinds. First, there is the eleventh hour of those who have not succeeded, but who, late in life, when they no longer expected it, see some success and encouragement come to them. They have spent their days patiently, one by one, and without result. A man waking up in the night strikes one match after the other without result; at last only one remains, and that one he succeeds in lighting. This sometimes occurs in the last period of a lifetime that has been unsuccessful and full of worry, one of those lives that make us say (but that we should never say) that we have been unlucky, something is left in it, and what is left is blessed. This fact, that sometimes toward the evening of life patience is rewarded with success, has struck human imagination that tradition and old legends have perpetuated in graceful pictures and poetical creations.

Do you remember that the whole of the sacred history rests upon Abraham, who was old and had no posterity? His son, Isaac, was born to him late in life, when he no longer hoped for any children. In another line of thought, when Christopher Columbus set forth with his great belief in the roundness of the earth and that another route could be found to the Indies, do you remember that there was a terrible moment in his voyage of discovery? A compact was made between his companions, who had revolted against the adventure, and Christopher Columbus, who still obstinately hoped on. Three days' grace was given him, and it was only on the third day, when all seemed lost, that the cry of "Land!" "Land!" was heard.

Thus one of the greatest events in history and one of the new continent, came as a surprise at the eleventh hour. It was the same, also, with Bernard Palissy. After days and days of study and research he threw into the oven the last remaining sticks of his furniture, the last pieces of his flooring, and found what he was seeking at the eleventh hour.

In a congregation like this there are certainly many people who have read Tolstoy. You know that his thoughts that have most stirred the world, that have most stirred the passions, are those that came to him after his fiftieth year. What a difference with those men who come to a full stop in their intellectual as well as moral acquisitions toward their thirty-fifth year! There are even some who have learned nothing more since they came out of the big school, where their youth was spent in rapidly absorbing as much science as possible. They have acquired this science so hastily and with such badly arranged method that they have come to a full stop at the end of their days. Tolstoy began a new life at fifty years of age.

Fortunately, we also know many men whose beautiful old age is a renewed youth, a youth in another form. They no longer have in their hearts the disturbing element of passion, the dust of life amid which they formerly strove has been laid, and with it all the things that sometimes, in the days of youth, prevent men from being entirely what they really are. They are at peace, they are tranquil. The eleventh hour has come with that clear luminance that reminds one of a September landscape. All things are bathed in light; the air is pure; distant views come nearer; it seems as though the earth was transformed and renewed. In a word, there is in man's life, when it has been a long and active one, a time that can be compared to autumn; the fruit prepared by a long experience has reached maturity; the tillage of spring and the work of summer have produced the harvest. The remainder of the life of a man who respects himself, who has on one hand sufficient strength and health, and on the other sufficient power of mind and conscience, when he reaches a certain time of life toward the eleventh hour, is so rich in memories and experience that he is as a king, crowned with white hair, reigning over a vast domain of things. If he bestows them with a generous hand without envy; if he gives them with pure kindness, what good can he not do to his fellow men? Until then they have not been able to do so much for what fruitful labor can be no condense in one clear-sighted counsel wherein is united, as in a golden ray, all the light that he has slowly and patiently gathered through the hesitations, the researches and the struggle of his days?

I know of nothing more useful to those in the first, in the third, in the sixth hour, that is to say, to infancy in its morning time, to youth in its beautiful flower and to life in its ripe maturity, than to have frequent intercourse with those in the eleventh hour who are still living. It is even in the respect that we show to our dear old ones, in the affection that they inspire in us, that we find the guarantee that the beautiful golden age they have passed in their heart will not be lost in the future. With plume hands the young, standing on the threshold of life, gather the treasure to make of it a store of goodness.

Now we come to the eleventh hour of those who have wasted their life. They have not noticed that they were dying. They have groped about in moral darkness or rusted away in inaction. They have not understood that if men has a heart it is so that he may love his neighbor. Until then they have not been aware of the problem that is put before every one of us on this earth in this

A BIT OF VERSE.

Original and Requested Poems.

Secrets.

Tell them to the mighty oaks, while the tall pine listen,
Tell them to the green fields, where the dew-drops glisten,
Tell them to the steeples, which point up to heaven,
Tell them to the birds, with wings beauty given,
Tell them to the monuments, whose stately silence chills,
Tell them to the mountains, the rivers and the hills,
But if they be sorrow, trials, and pain,
Tell them to Jesus, whose mercy doth reign.

Youth's Recurrent Sea.

(Mrs. Bettie Cusick Ambler.)
And journeyed to the quiet harbor,
Caught in the glow of youth's unclouded trance,
When time thou wert the queen of every dance.
So many images of thy hold,
When sweetest memories of thy face hair,
And welkin eyes, sweet mirrors of romance,
Held hearts in thrall of thy most trifling glance,
The captives of thy charms beyond compare.
So many images of thy hold,
The treasure-drift of youth's recurrent sea,
Of days of blissful worship all untold,
Thou sweetest memory of thy face hair,
My heart holds revel of the days of old
In virgin fancies which encompass thee,
Washington, D. C. SAM M. GAINES.

Breeding Wants.

Most rare to find a single want unmet
Until another, with a score, comes,
When, by selection, or, by interbreed,
What was a want has now become a need.
A shepherd who had lost his only ram,
Prayed for a new one, when he came
And smiling on him, said: "I know the mind,
Of what he needed, so, he found his blind.
He asked an hundred, but he found none,
A score of rams to breed them. She
"Blessed be your needs, I see your wants have
An hundred fold." When Fortune shook her
head.
BREWSTER MATTOCKS.

"Spring."

The first, bright days of spring have come
To fill my soul with glad delight,
To sweep my brain of all its gloom,
And sing the songs that I love best.
To bid farewell to winter's chill,
And longed for peace my soul to grant;
To sing to me the sweetest hymn,
And bid my soul a verse to rhyme.
A rustic verse, but sweet and wild,
As zephyrs breathe their faintest sigh;
A verse to call the nymphs and maidens
From out your forest's fragrant shade.

For every leaf is springing through
The mossy earth with crowns of dew,
And yonder, 'neath the greenest trees,
I catch a glimpse of young heartbeats.
And see, the hyacinth is there,
Beside the buttercup and fair,
With native grace the fair jonquil
Is bowing to the daffodil.

In leafy dell the wild rose twines,
While at her feet the columbines
Lift up their starry faces and shine
Among the bloom of eglantine.
The violet, with purple glow,
Is showered by the peach tree's blow,
And bright above the lilac plume
Is waving soft its fragrant bloom.
The dandelion, with white so bold,
Has made the meadow his own hold,
And there beside the bramble nook
So clear and rippling is a brook.

The robin redbreast and the wren
Are singing gayly in yon glen,
While in the sky the black bird in gleam
Is singing melodies to me.
And swift my eyes have caught new pleasures,
From out Diana's world of treasures,
But sinking on a mossy seat,
By linking up the past and new,
WM. LAFAYETTE CRITTENDEN.

An Easter Tragedy.

(With a subject suggested to Ben Jonson.)
Give me only all thy cash,
Last I was poor of hire,
Or leave me a check book in my hand,
And I'll not ask for thee.
The sign that from my soul doth rise,
Doth ask a dress divine—
A dress from Worth, a first hat,
For Easter's festive day.
I sent thee late a modest bill,
Not so much costing me,
As giving it a hope that then
It would be paid by thee.
But thou, thou dost delay,
And send it back to me.
To-day a lawyer came to say,
"He seeks divorce from thee."
The chrysalis of Lent's e'er yields
To the Easter butterfly.
But wives and maidens learn
From one now sadly wise,
Guard well your husbands' cash—
If dull—
And heed my warning voice,
Twist him for Easter's divorce—
Or evil take your choice.
(MRS. A. C. STOVER,
323 West Cary Street, City.)

John Paul Jones.
Welcome, oh, sacred dust, the deep blue sea
That rolls between thy chosen land and thee
No barrier proves, nor time, nor birth, nor
race.
Can but thy ashes from a resting place
Beneath fair freedom's soil be shall be
Kept sacred in this land of liberty.
Though years and years have rolled their
cycles o'er,
Our glorious land, from East to Western
shore,
And though to fall asleep from home thy
lot,
Thy name was ne'er and ne'er will be for-
gotten.
As through the stormy British Channel's
foam,
Thou comest (though long an exile from thy
home)
"Our Flag" half mast, dip in old ocean's
deep.
Whose restless waters round thy ashes sweep.
Thy name emblazoned side by side shall be
Deep carved on tablets of the brave and free,
With Washington, and Lawrence, Gates and
Perry, too.
While stars shall glitter in the spangled
blue,
Will hear once more the ringing thunder tones,
And see again in thine inspired John Paul Jones,
valiant in hand, shout in his daring might,
"Surrender! No! I've not begun to fight."
Then, welcome sacred ashes to "Columbia's
shore."
Thy prized remains, to mingle evermore
With freedom's soil, while dynasties and
thrones
Shall be as things forgotten, John Paul Jones
shall be remembered, long and proudly
Shall blaze the East, and sparkle overhead
Bright stars in heaven's dome of azure blue,
Where floats on high "The Star, White and
the Blue."
Sunbury, April 12, 1905. H. T. ECKERT.
—Philadelphia Press.

In Unknown Graves.
Oh, ye who sleep in unknown graves,
Where tawny weeds grow early waves;
Or on some rugged, rocky, and bare
Near the ocean's restless tide;
We bring no flowers to thee to-day
For love has failed to point the way.
But in our hearts bloom immortelles
Forever, where we find a trace
To thy heroic resting place,
Our God will find thee sacred spot,
And plant His own forget-me-not.
No heat of drums or noisy bands
Shall blaze above thy paled hands.
Lull whispering winds thy music be,
For this is God's own ministry.
And birds above thy unknown grave
Shall chant a psalm to the brave.
To-day we raise our tear-dimmed eyes,
And, plainly, lined across the skies,
Behold the name of hero brave
Who lie at rest in unknown graves.
God's sentinels are marching round,
To guard their lonely camping ground.
And, though the battle flag is furled,
Their glory lives all over the world.
And now their erstwhile foremen pray
For those that fall that wear the gray.
To-day all men shall honor thee,
Oh, fallen sons of chivalry.
When Time has run his cycle round,
And the last trumpet call shall sound,
Then will we hear thee, "Johnny" dead,
Each with a chaplet on his head,
And the assembled host will cry,
"Heroes like these can never die."

THALHIMER'S THALHIMER'S THALHIMER'S THALHIMER'S

Grand Bargain Event!

As tempting as are all these special underpricings of high-class merchandise, not half the story can be told in this ad., and we can say in all sincerity that we do not believe a single Monday shopper in the city can afford to neglect a good, careful investigation at Thalhimers before the purchases are made.

Organdies & Dress Goods

We Are Showing the Newest and Latest Novelties and Coloring Brought Out in Summer Fabrics.

Printed Organdies, Mulls, Swisses and Jaconets, in a great variety of styles, the quality usually sold for 25c on sale at 12 1-2c.

Embroidered Swiss, white grounds embroidered in blue, pink, heliotrope, green and black 12 1-2c.

Handsome Printed French Chiffon, with embroidered dots, a dream for commencements, 50c.

COLOR DRESS GOODS.

Black and white, blue and white and brown and white shep-

Worthy Silk Reductions

Handsome White Fancy Silks that were 50c, reduced to 25c.

White Fancy Silks, that were 75c and \$1.00, reduced to 39c.

Colored Fancy Poulards, that were 75c, reduced to 39c.

White Habutai Japanese Silks 25c.

Black Taffeta and Beau de Solo, that were 65c, reduced to 40c.

Black Grenadines, 44 inches wide, reduced from \$1.00 and \$1.25 to 50c.

Matting and Matting Rug Sale

36x72 Fiber Rugs, in various colorings 1.50

30x64 Fiber Rugs 1.00

18x30 Mats to match, each 48c

Full line of Matting Mats, from, each, 59c to 1.50

Extra Heavy China Matting, that sold for 30c, sale price 25c

Best Heavy Weight China Matting, that sold for 35c, yard 30c

New 116 Warp Matting just received in very select patterns, to be sold at, yard 35c

Two special lines of Japanese Matting, in handsome carpet patterns, yard, 25c and 30c

Ask to see our machine weave matting.

Remember we lay all matting free from 25c upwards.

New White Shirt-Waists

All the latest styles, both unique and original, in White Linen Waists, with embroidered front, finished with tucks, only \$1.50

New styles and up-to-date designs, in White Persian Lawn Waists, entire front of lace and tucks, price \$2.00

Lingerie Waists of white lawn, stylish, well made and good fitting waists, button back or front, prices, \$2.98, \$3.98, \$4.98

Skirts---Special May Prices

Just received shipment of advanced styles, in Panama and Mohair Walking Skirts.

Shepherd's Plaid Skirts, in small and large checks, umbrella and killed effects, \$5.00, \$6.48 and \$7.48

Mohair Skirts, killed in a variety of styles, \$8.98 to \$12.50

Panama Skirts, plain and heringbone effects, comprising the most advanced ideas, in full skirts and drop yokes, \$5.00 to \$15.00

Accordion Plaited Skirts, with smocked and shirred yokes, \$5.00 and \$7.48

White Linen Suit Sale

White Linen Suits, made of fine quality Irish Linen, collarless coat, in the stylish redingote effect, strapped seams, killed skirt, beautifully tailored, at \$12.50

White Linen Coats, box effect, collarless, the popular eyelet embroidery effect, in beautiful designs, at \$10.00

Sample line of White Shirt Waist Suits at half original price:

At \$5.00—Suits, worth \$8.48 to \$12.50

At \$3.48—Suits worth \$5.00 to \$7.48

At \$2.50—Suits worth \$3.48 to \$6.48

Special White Goods Sale.

64 inches wide, Organdy, worth 25c, for, yard 19c

25c value Dotted Swiss, for, yard 12 1-2c

27-inch White Organdy, for, yard 12 1-2c

36-inch Burly Long Cloth, 12-yard piece, each \$1.00

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ROAMED THROUGH WORLD SEARCHING FOR ADVENTURE

Strange Career of Virginian Who Fought Under Many Flags—Challenged Son-in-Law and Shot Him Dead.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6.—John R. Thomson, who recently died in Texas, at Sherman, I believe, had by far the most adventurous career of any man I have ever known," said J. D. Whitehead, Mobile, Ala., in the lobby of the St. James Hotel conversing with a group of friends.
"I do not think there are many men in the world who have had a more varied, exciting, and altogether strenuous life than Thomson. Captain John Smith never saw more excitement or had it spread out over a longer period."
"I think Thomson was born in Virginia. He was educated at Georgetown College in the District of Columbia, early in the fifties. Soon after graduating he went to California, attracted thither by gold discoveries of a few years before.

He read law in the office of Senator Torrell, who lived in San Francisco, I believe. In 1855 he met William Walker, who was then planning his celebrated Nicaraguan filibustering expedition. He became a great admirer of Walker, and in the following year accompanied him to New Orleans with the expedition which proposed to erect a great republic on the ruins of that of Nicaragua. He had a commission as captain of Walker's staff. He saw all the fighting there was as the result of that expedition, and he and Walker led out into the sea shore and shot.

"I have heard Thomson tell the story of their capture and imprisonment. Mr. Walker and his staff, the Nicaraguans treated them with great cruelty. They would execute two or three of them every day, but would not let the condemned man know when the hour of his death was coming. Every morning an officer, accompanied by a detail of soldiers, would come to the prison, and producing a garofalo of white beans, would have the prisoners blindfolded, and then cause each one of them to pick a bean from the gourd. There were three black beans in the gourd. The picking continued until all the black beans had been chosen. The man who had drawn black ones were led out and shot. This continued until the French consul interfered and stopped the executions. Thomson was one of the miserable party that returned to New Orleans. He had not been there long before he sailed again, this time to fight under Garibaldi. He fought through the Sardinian expedition, and reached this country in June, 1860, to enter the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war. He went on Joe Johnston's staff, and served to the end of the fighting. He was wounded, and then he escaped to Mexico, making the journey on horseback. I think he was with Johnston in North Carolina when the General was surrounded by the Federal army. Thomson entered the Mexican army and fought against Maximilian, and under Porfirio Diaz. He reached the rank of Colonel in the Mexican army.

"When Maximilian had been captured and shot, and his body driven from the country, Thomson went to Nevada and later to California, where he practiced law. But the stories of the struggle of the Cubans against the power of Spain filtered into his office and the fighting and roving spirit mastered him again. In 1895 he managed to get to Cuba, where he joined the army of General Gomez. He was in command of the cavalry under Gomez for some time. He was wounded and had to return to this country, a difficult thing to do, but he was used to doing difficult things. He spent two years more in California and then went back to Nicaragua, where he had come so near to losing his life and where he had witnessed more than a million of average men put together. His health was much broken by this time. He traveled extensively in Europe in search of health before going to Nicaragua. While in Nicaragua, he learned that his son-in-law, who was in that country, had struck his wife. Thomson promptly challenged him to a duel. The challenge was accepted. Pistols were the weapons chosen by the challenged man. They went out one morning at dawn. The old man and the young man faced each other. They fired at the words and the young man fell dead in his tracks. Thomson had shot him through the heart. I think he then withdrew to this country. I ran across him in a hospital in New Orleans, believe he died a short time ago in this point, though I am not certain of this.

Food for thought.

PURSES fly open quickly when Cross Oxfords are shown.

The sight of The Cross Oxfords is as welcome as the sound of the dinner bell—they're really the belles of shoe-dom—

The fit so pleasing—The styles so enticing—They make one positively Shoe Hungry.

All leathers \$3.00 up.

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WHEN CUPID COMES

he usually announces his presence with a ring sooner or later. We will be pleased to have you examine our excellent stock of solitaires and clusters, all at exceptionally low prices. Plain gold wedding rings.

Bladder Cured in 48 hours. Superior to Coughs, Cures or Injections

I. O. O. F. MEETING GRAND LODGE OF VA., LYNCHBURG, VA., MAY 9-11.

Account above occasion the Norfolk and Western Railway Company will sell round trip tickets from Richmond to Lynchburg at \$5, and correspondingly low rates from all other points on its line in Virginia. Tickets will be sold May 8th, 9th and 10th, good for return passage until May 10th.

The Norfolk and Western Railway is the only line operating three daily trains between Richmond and Lynchburg. Leaves Richmond 9:00 A. M., 12:10 noon and 9:30 P. M. Pullman parlor and sleeping cars. For tickets, Pullman reservations, etc., apply Richmond Transfer Company, Ticket Agent, Byrd Street Station, or at company's office, 833 East Main Street.

W. P. TAYLOR, Traffic Manager.

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Relegate that old floor covering to oblivion and beautify your room with some fresh, artistically designed MATTINGS OR RUGS with colors that blend with your furnishings.

We invite you to call and examine our large line of new Mattings and Rugs from 50-pound footless Chinas at 17c, per yard to the heaviest at 45c, per yard.

Jap Mattings from 20c. to 65c. per yard.

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Better still—9x12 Washable Brussels—\$18.00

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